NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If the Hanley Election result does not convince the Labour Party that the game they have been playing during the last few years is suicidal, their place is when once they had been ostracised by the official Labour Party. From beginning to end of the whole economic movement, they are beginning to find that their own existence by its idiotic tactics, its ostrich-like refusal to face facts and its boorish boycott of friendly and on behalf of which we have all made sacrifices is jeopardised with it. Writing in the Daily Mail some weeks ago, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, a fairly level headed and impartial observer, assured his public that the Industrial Unrest of to-day, formidable though it might seem for the moment, would blow over without capitalism. And this judgment was confirmed by Mr. Lloyd George on Thursday last in his address to the bankers. The outlook, he said (and remember he was assuring bankers, not wage-earners), was clearer now than it had been for some years. In other words, the Industrial Unrest had died down, and there was no immediate cause to fear its revival.

But it is clear from the Hanley Election that not only the official Labour Party is jeopardising its own existence by its idiotic tactics, its ostrich-like refusal to face facts and its boorish boycott of friendly though critical colleagues, but the whole proletariat movement in which every genuine reformer is interested. Consequently, every means of increasing the economic power of the Labour movement out of doors. Whether Syndicalism or the objective—should be seized and employed by the political section of the Labour movement no less eagerly than the economic section. Politically as well as economically, should be distinguished from the Liberal and Tory Social Reforming movements. These latter, we have demonstrated many times, have as their real object the bolstering up of the capitalist system by amelioration of the conditions of wage-slaves. And at that task they are practically as well as theoretically much more efficient than the Labour Party can possibly be. They have not only the political power to legislate with, but their instincts of self-preservation are called into play. Social reform in an ameliorative character is a necessity to them; they must ameliorate or perish. But, on the other hand, not only has the Labour movement insufficient power, but Social Reform of the ameliorative order is death to Labour’s hopes of emancipation from the wage system. Every measure of social reform postposes the social revolution.

Theil, the objective of the Labour movement, common to every one of its component parts, is the abolition of the wage system. Absolutely nothing short of this is the formula on which every shade of Labour opinion earns to acquire economic, as distinct from merely political, power. So patently has this been the case that we unhesitatingly say that the worst enemy the Labour movement has yet encountered has been and apparently still is the official Labour Party. And now, having done their worst to damp down the economic movement, they are beginning to find that their own political power—which we have always maintained is no more than the index of economic power—is in danger of extinction with it. We cannot pretend to be surprised by a result we have so long foreseen; nor shall we pretend to be irremediably depressed by it. On the contrary, the event, we hope, will serve to knock some new sense into the leaders’ heads, or finally compel them to retire and give place to better men.

Before examining in detail the circumstances of the Hanley Election, let us briefly recall some of the contentions we have been insisting on during the last year or so. They are as follows:

Economic power precedes political power. This implies that the Parliamentary Labour Party can actually, whatever its numbers, never exceed in strength the economic power of the Labour movement out of doors. Consequently, every means of increasing the economic strength of the workers—by federation of unions, by exercises in united action, whether Syndicalism or the sympathetic strike, by the formulation of a common objective—should be seized and employed by the political section of the Labour movement no less eagerly than by the economic section.

Note: The text is a continuation of a larger piece of writing, discussing the economic and political implications of the Hanley Election result.
can ultimately agree. The abolition of the wage system not only unites in purpose the multitudinous schools of Socialism, but it immediately defines the necessary distinction between the Labour movement and every other movement of reform.

Fourthly, the method of the Labour movement follows logically on the definition of its common object. If the abolition of the wage system is Labour's objective, the means are defined as the organisation of Labour power to this end; and of the two forms which this organisation can take, the economic is more important than the political.

Fifthly, the Labour movement, both economically and politically, must oppose and not support every ameliorative suggestion of mere Social Reform; and must oppose it constructively as well as destructively. Destructively we can oppose Social Reform by criticising its proposals, by impeding their passage and by actively or passively resisting their operation. Constructively we can oppose it by offering in every instance an alternative based on the abolition of the wage system.

Sixthly, the abolition of the wage system, brought about by the conquest of economic and political power, must be accompanied by the construction of the system which is to take its place. This system is not Collectivism, or Socialism, or Nationalism, or Syndicalism, which is nationalised group individualism; but it is a fusion of these two in the form of Guild-Socialism or a working industrial partnership between the State and the unions.

Clear, at least in outline, as we maintain the foregoing propositions to be, they have nevertheless, as our readers know, been either completely ignored or pettily challenged by the various sections of the Labour movement. But from what standpoint, save stupidity or ill-will, it is hard to tell; for diligent examination of their alternatives reveals a barrenness of ideas which is almost incredible. Of the suggestions for ameliorative reforms which command the support of one or other or all of the Labour sections, there is not one that we have not proved to be entirely illusory. Is it the Minimum Wage? We have shown that the economic effect of the Minimum Wage will be to substitute machinery and organisation for men, and to throw an increasing number of men on to State charity, supportable by a tax on their employed fellows. Is it an Eight Hours' Day, earlier Old Age Pensions, better Housing, or a Taxation of Unearned Incomes? We are incapable of guessing what the "Nation" will say in reply to the "Labour Leader's" challenge, but we can say for ourselves that the claim of the "Labour Leader" to be the authors of the indicated measures is baseless, and its contention that the party's present programme is constructive is ignorant nonsense. Those "modern measures of social reform" on whose paternity the Labour Party prides itself would not only have come into existence without its pioneering, but might conceivably have come into existence sooner but for their own loud claims to be their authors. In other countries un-blessed by the genius of a MacDonald and denied the light of the "Labour Leader", these modern measures of social reform have nevertheless struggled into existence. The aforetime leader of the German Labour Party, for example, Bismarck, was notoriously responsible for pioneering modern measures of social reform into Germany. In France, Austria, America, and even in Russia, modern measures of social reform are known to have arisen without the pioneering stimulus of Mr. MacDonald and denied the Labour Party has no constructive policy constituted by the rag-bag of reforms now being concentrated on by the Labour Party, there is no construction in one of them or in all of them put together. Bolstering, underpinning, veneering the present system are not constructive; nor, it is true, are they destructive; they are simply preservative. And as such we may again point out that the Labour Party was and will be less the pioneers of them than the road-sweepers of their capitalist authors.

We need not go very far to prove our point. Who, for example, pioneered the Insurance Bill? Was it the Labour Party, into whose heads the scheme never entered and has not entered yet? Not Mr. MacDonald or the "Labour Leader" or the party can lay any claim to this "great advance of social legislation." To what, then, does it owe its existence, if not to the pioneering work of the Labour Party? Why, to the same instinct of self-preservation among capitalists that without any tutoring from the Labour Party has still other brines for pickling the existing system. As the Insurance Bill issued straight from the capitalist brain of Mr. Lloyd George, without so much as a suggestion from the Labour Party or even from Mr. and Mrs. Webb (who, we gather, have advocated everything else in their time), so will other measures issue from similar brains, unsought and unexpected by the Labour Party. Nay, they are already beginning to issue faster than the Labour Party can lay claim to them. Is the Labour Party the author of the Feeble-Minded Bill, was it the author of the Children's Charter, is Mr. Burns' Milk Bill its invention, are its members prepared to lay claim to any of them? The Labour Party has been merely a blowfly on the wheel. But an even more convincing example is to be found in a comparison of the programmes of the Liberal Mr. Outhwaite and the Labour Mr. Finney at Hanley. Is the significance of the following undeniable fact lost on the Labour Party?—the Liberal
programme at Hanley was more advanced, more radical, and more popular, from the point of view of social reform, than the Labour programme? It has come to a pretty state of things when Liberal candidates are able to jeer at their Labour opponents' programmes. Yet that is precisely what Mr. Outhwaite was able to do in regard to Mr. Finney's programme. We are not maintaining, of course, that the Single Tax, with all its lying promises, is a fit and proper object of the Labour party; but in only one sense does it differ from the other planks of the Labour programme, namely, in being a little bolder. Less revolutionary it could not be, for there is not a single item on the Labour programme that has even the shadow of a revolution to its credit in it; but more "evolutionary" it certainly is than the miscellaneous collection of reforms jumbled on Mr. Finney's fly-papers.

From an interview with Mr. Finney in the "Labour Leader," where the political movement is summed up his programme in a poster issued during the election campaign, "The I.L.P. has even the socialist revolution to its credit in it; but more "evolutionary" it certainly is than the miscellaneous collection of reforms jumbled on Mr. Finney's fly-papers.

"Labour Leader." But the fact remains that, observed or not, considered or not, Hanley simply illustrates the lessons we have been striving for five years to impress on the Labour party: the necessity for a fundamentally socialist programme. The Labour party has a radical, and more popular, from the point of view of the social revolution to its credit in it; but more "evolutionary." It certainly is than the miscellaneous collection of reforms jumbled on Mr. Finney's fly-papers.

But the change from the grave to the resurrection is a change of idea, and we confess that in the editorial policy of the "Labour Leader" as in the party policy of the I.L.P. we can detect no thrill of new life. The more unanswerably, indeed, that time and events prove the futility of attempting an economic revolution by political means alone, the more energetically these mules back in the opposite direction. In the "Daily News" of Wednesday last, Mr. W. C. Anderson, chairman of the I.L.P., announced that his party were campaigning for the political conquest of the House of Commons. If the Liberal party would not give the Labour party seats to satisfy the lesser aims of the Labour movement, then, by God, the Labour party would adopt a "militant fighting policy" ["twice the brinded cat hath mewed"], for "in the last resort, when the real aims of our movement come to be debated, we shall find ourselves confronted with a combination of rich men in both parties." It is unsportsmanlike to fire at sitting rabbits, but what can we do? Somebody's sentiments must be sacrificed if venal opinions are not to be allowed to ruin us. Why, then, we may ask, does the chairman of the I.L.P. speak of adopting a militant policy as "a last resort," or regard as "the last resort" the definition and debate of the "real aims" of the Labour movement? Is it by chance that the I.L.P. chairman is so ignorant that he does not even know that the other parties are not rich men in both parties? He imagines, perhaps, that, if only his party sits still and keeps on saying "nuffin" about their "real aims," "the rich men in both parties" will mistreat them as mere reformers. But the truth is that the "rich men in both parties" are not only aware of the "real aims" of the Labour movement, but they have already combined to resist them; and one of their combined measures was the I.L.P. itself. Mr. W. C. Anderson, indeed, the chairman of the I.L.P., by his singular conception of intelligence, is precisely one of the instruments best suited to be wielded by the "rich men in both parties." By standing between them he proves that they are divided; and what better service could he perform for capitalism at this moment? With the jawbone of an ass Saul slew his thousands. Why, with Mr. Anderson and the I.L.P., should not the "rich men in both parties" slay the army of Socialism? But the "Labour Leader" makes no disguise of the "real aims" of the Labour movement. Nothing shall prevent it from announcing to the world of the rich its determination to "capture Parliament." Turn the masters out of Parliament, said Mr. Clynes last week. Yes, turn them out and let them carry on their industry without public debate! Following this choice lead, the "Labour Leader" itself devotes some stirring pages of its current issue to the new campaign, the campaign to capture Parliament. But what the devil does it matter whether four hundred Labour members sit at West-}


cow. If there were no graves, there would be no resurrections.
perform miracles, for it would itself be a miracle: the
miracle, namely, of an effect preceding a cause. Until
Labour is economically strong it cannot be politically
strong. At the present moment the employers have the
power to surrender to any party they choose the whole working classes of this country.
Imagine what would happen if wage-earners began to obtain a Parliamentary majority threatening a change of
law in favour of wage-slaves—how many lock-outs,
foreign wars, changes of organisation, etc., etc., would
be engineered to thwart them; and so long as the
workers had no economic power on which to rely, their
political advance would always be threatened. In the
last resort, like a military arm, it marches on its belly.
Give the workers of this country food enough to last them six months and the means of
starving out their masters, victory would be theirs. But
while in an emergency their commissariat is so defec-
tive that in the second week after taking the field they
are starving, defeat is always certain. Now, in what way—unless the capitalists choose—will political
power be conquered by the wage slaves? If given to them by reason of their much importance, it will be useless to
them; but how will they take it without the permission
of the capitalists? The position, it appears to us, is crystal
clear. The capitalists hold at this moment the food supplies of the workers as surely as in the event of a
German naval victory the Germans would hold the food
supplies of this island. We ask in all seriousness the
"Labour Leader" and its infatuate politics-mongers,
whether it is human for capitalists with this power in their hands to sit still while Labour is forging a politi-
cal weapon against them. Capitalists are not Non-
conformist parsons even if the Labour Party are. At
the first sign of political strength, starvation will be
threatened on the same scale as in the face of the forces of the working classes. At the second, starvation will afflict many wage-earners who will then be converted into capitalist pensioners. At the third, the latter will be organised into a military
army. At the fourth . . . but there will be no fourth, nor even third. The second will be enough.

The conquest of political power, therefore, is as im-
possible as the conquest of the moon. In the absence of
an economic base, the attempted conquest is purely
imaginary. We will go further and say that the real
possibility of its whole army for to-morrow's rations on the pre-
sent holders of economic power is absolutely ignored.
We have seen, is so intent on catching the political will-o'-the-wisp that the simple fact of the dependence
of its wage-slaves on the capitalists for immediate
food is crystal clear. The capitalists hold at this moment the food supplies of the workers as surely as in the event of a
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We have told the militant suffragettes that they have
not force enough to obtain votes by force, and that they
must, therefore, acquire force or fall back upon wheel-

dings; for mere opinion and even argument are no im-
mediate effective weapons. But ourselves we are pre-
pared to rely upon reason in the faith that in the long run reason wins. But it is a long run, and both
ourselves and our present readers may be dead, and per-
haps born again, before any reasoning we now initiate
will blossom into action. On the other hand, if people feel themselves too mortal to wait for the harvest of
reason, force must be employed; and if they are too idle or too stupid to acquire force, they must go with-
out their object, or stuff themselves with lies about it.
As far as we discover, both the working men and the
Women's movements are in this respect in the same
condition of fundamental untruthfulness. We do not, of
course, deny the sincerity of their desires; but we do
deny the sincerity in facing the conditions of sat-
isfying them. The women, we may have seen, want
to; the Labour men, on the other hand, want a
number of seats in Parliament. Both believe that by
these means power will be added unto them. But, as we
have observed, the vote is only a symbol and its
meanings wins everywhere and always. The Labour Party,
we have seen, is so intent on catching the political will-o'-the-wisp that the simple fact of the dependence
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then de-

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Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdak.

Some people, including my esteemed colleague the Editor, have given me to understand that they object to my use of the word democratic in my article of last week. They admit that the evils I have emphasised exist, undoubtedly; but they hold that "democracy" is not to blame for them. They put the point in dispute, I find, not so much as the accuracy of the facts I have set forth, and the evidence I have drawn from them, but, rather: What is meant by democracy and democratic as these words are now generally used?

To me, as to so many millions of Englishmen, democracy means much more than government by the people, and the corresponding adjective has a wider signification. For example, I remember reading a few months ago a review of some "Everyman's" that Messrs. Dent had issued. The review I have in mind appeared in the Daily News, and the writer said that Everyman's Library was a "democracy-library," or a "democratic series." I forget for the moment why. Similarly, in last Friday's "Star," I saw cricket referred to as the "most democratic of our sports." Obviously, however, it is evident, nor Everyman's Library has a very close connection with government by the people, yet each was referred to as "democratic" by writers who clearly took it for granted that the word conveyed a meaning to their readers apart from its political significance. What, then, is this secondary signification of the word? Why is "Democratic," if "democratic" is employed nowadays so much more often in its secondary than in its primary meaning? Why is cricket "democratic," and why have I seen a lounge suit advertised somewhere at "the democratic price of three pounds"? For such things are.

"Democratic," I may venture on a definition as loose, perhaps, as the use of the word itself, now means anything in which the vast majority of the people can participate; something that is not the exclusive possession of the rich. Two-and-sixpenny excursions to the country, for example, or music-hall songs in sixpenny editions. The reader can extend the list for himself by taking up almost any newspaper and looking at almost any page. I am not saying that the word is susceptible of this extended meaning; I am not saying that the meaning "fits" it, or that some other and better word could not have been found. I merely plead the example of practically every newspaper, review, and magazine published in England.

Democracy, then, I take it, means not only a certain form of government, but also the phenomena accompanying that form of government and the phenomena that bring it into being. Hence I myself would call sentimentality democratic; for sentimentality has never been a characteristic of the peoples which have been labelled "aristocratic." So is humanitarianism democratic, and so are the types and habits of thought similar types of mind which believe in the federation of the world, the brotherhood of man, the abolition of war, and so on. These things are all democratic phenomena.

But my chief objection to democracy is this: democracy, as I understand it, is a democracy where there is no freedom of opinion to the mass of men in essential matters. Every man, so far as I am concerned, is at liberty to exercise his right of choice in such matters as eating bacon and eggs or mutton chops for his breakfast, and travelling to his business by bus or by tube. But I hold—and I promise to plead with facts, opinions and sound authority anyone who contradicts me—that the great mass of the people ought not to be allowed any faculty of choice whatsoever in the details, say, of their religion, any more than soldiers ought to exercise any faculty of choice in matters of regimental organisation. Similarly, I object to the mass of people having nothing to do with the foreign policy of a country; here, emphatically, they have nothing to do with the laws except to obey them. In politics, as in religion, the initiative must come from above. Even in home politics the initiative must come from above; but in this case, as we have two "superior" classes—the capitalists and the landlords—there is a certain choice, an alternative, for the "people." But in foreign affairs they do not. It is for a Western people to consider the safety of the nation and for this purpose the nation must act as one man.

Mind, I say the safety of the nation. That is to say, the power of the nation in its relation to other nations and the maintenance of that power—not, most emphatically not, "democratic" chimeras such as the brotherhood of man, international this and international that. We may have international sports, such as those very Olympic games now being held, and international scientific congresses; but there can be nothing international that threatens the power of a nation in its relation to other nations. To a certain extent, but only to a certain extent, there might conceivably be National Socialism, possibly in Europe; but it would not touch Germany and Russia.

Now, democracy, as I have already indicated, means a lack of leaders. It is, indeed, the essential feature of Protestant Christianity, from which we have derived our modern acceptation of the word, is directly derived that in all matters there is no leadership, but simply individual choice, even in so important a matter as the safety of a man's soul. Every man may read the Bible and interpret or misinterpret it according to his fancy; there is no Pope to check him. My reading of history is that there can be no great religion, art, philosophy, or politics without Popes—i.e., without a strong governing caste whose word is law. This caste, however, cannot be a capitalistic class, for Protestantism and capitalism are simply by-products of democracy—a capitalist is simply a democrat with money.

To a limited democracy, as to a limited monarchy, I see no great objection. But when the democracy in a State becomes so strong as to overwhelm both the governing caste and, philosophically, the principles of existence—ethics, morality, what you will—that have made a governing caste possible, I am one of the first to rise and cry halt. I strongly object to capitalism, for example, not merely because it degrades the workmen and makes them fall into the dominion of the land, i.e., agriculture. Agriculture breeds men; capitalism breeds workmen. Agriculture, leadership, aristocracy, are joint phenomena. Industry, capitalism, mercantile society must be out of joint. Thus it happens that the earnest efforts of certain social reformers cause me, as a detached observer, a deal of amusement. For I hear it said and see it written in so many different places that capitalism is the enemy, and must be killed to make way for the progress of democracy, the brotherhood of the nations, and what not. Whereas the fact is that capitalism is a product of democracy, and will be with us precisely as long as democracy is with us, and no longer. And so long as we have a dominant capitalism we shall lack determined leaders; but in those countries such as Germany and Russia, where agriculture is still more influential than capitalism, and is ranked above it socially, philosophically, and economically, leaders will continue to be bred.
Military Notes.
By Romney.

I had read almost every book in English, French and German upon the important, but uninteresting Manchurian campaign, and had grown resigned to banality in its connection. The most brilliant creature seems to lose his inspiration where Manchuria is concerned, and, low as the general level is, the English military writers have fallen below it as usual. It was, therefore, a pleasure and a surprise to discover a really good book in Colonel Ross's "Outline of the Russo-Japanese War. Vol. i." Colonel Ross, fel. Colonel Ross's narrative is particularly valuable because it is the first to take into account that human factor which is little in the military histories and everything in war. For the first time, as regards Manchuria, an author has looked to the psychology of the opposing leaders, to the effect upon their perceptions of false intelligence, of worry and fatigue—to all those factors, in short, which the chess-board school of strategists seek to eliminate, thereby reducing war, that great struggle of human wills, to the level of a silly game—for an explanation of successes and mistakes which otherwise seem inexplicable. Colonel Ross's account of the influence upon the Russian commanders of the lurid rumours deliberately disseminated by the Japanese Intelligence Department is an education in itself. The moral and the mental are nine-tenths of war, and an hour spent upon their study is worth a hundred years wasted upon that geometrical tetrade of military strategy, whose effect is to send men into war prepared for everything except what matters, namely, the effect of storm and stress upon their own poor souls.

What is the lesson of the Manchurian campaign? The time is not yet ripe to discover it. The passing of forty years, the publication of innumerable memoirs and "revelations," the issue of the French official history (a masterpiece of self-condemnation), the death of almost every person whose feelings or reputation might suffer—all these have barely sufficed to give us the truth in the case of the Franco-German war. What will be required in this business of Japanese and Russians, where the regimental histories and other intimate records are likely to remain buried in inaccessible languages, and where one of the nations concerned is notoriously the most secretive upon earth? Yet military records are a department where half a loaf is most notoriously a complete non sequitur. Read in detail, the war is one long weary record of Japanese success. Every combination succeeds, at war's rate, partially: every position falls. Not an order that was not muddle, not a trench that was not botched, not a cannon that was not wrongly sited—and yet the issue was surprisingly favourable. The question at once arises: is there not something wrong in training as we know it, seeing that the histories leave out, but which, nevertheless, proved of sufficient weight to counterbalance the real superiority? That superiority was real, according to the criterions of modern peace-time training. Had the contest been one of autumn manoeuvres instead of active service, the result would have been even more decisively in favour of the Asiatics. The Russians committed every fault which it is possible for armed men to commit. Not an order that was not muddle, not a manoeuvre that was not bungled, not a trench that was not wrongly sited—and yet the issue was surprisingly favourable. The question at once arises: is there not something wrong in training as we know it, seeing that its results, though real, are so disproportionate?

No doubt this is so. After forty years of peace men chase phantoms. Few exist who remember war on a large scale, and whose knowledge can, therefore, correct the absurd imaginings of inexperienced men. A fool, unbalanced by recollections of a bloodless "pooch raid" in the Transvaal, gets up and averts that troops cannot move to the attack extended at less than seven paces and crawling on the ground. Men who had formed the teet in the terrible superiority of the large lettering on a map which comprehends nations likely they are to be overlooked—in the same way that the large lettering on a map which comprehends nations suffers at Mukden a severe, but by no means crushing, defeat, and at the end of a month or two were perfectly ready to begin again, with better chances of success than ever. Was that all that Japanese superiority in leadership, in training, in organisation, and in numbers could effect? That superiority was real, according to the criterions of modern peace-time training. Had the contest been one of autumn manoeuvres instead of active service, the result would have been even more decisively in favour of the Asiatics. The Russians committed every fault which it is possible for armed men to commit. Not an order that was not muddle, not a manoeuvre that was not bungled, not a trench that was not wrongly sited—and yet the issue was surprisingly favourable. The question at once arises: is there not something wrong in training as we know it, seeing that its results, though real, are so disproportionate?

Those, however, who are on the right track—whose reading and imagination have given them a rough idea of what counts and what does not—can deduce a few general lessons even from the vague and insufficient evidence before us. Here it is all important not to attempt too much. For instance, until we know far more it was foolish to rely upon any deductions that may be drawn as to the value of quick-firing guns. The subject is too technical, every position falls. Every experiment conducted to analyse the casualty statistics has been made by Capt. Culmann, of the French Service, in "La Guerre dans l'extreme Orient," but his deductions are admittedly provisional, and the question is obviously one which for its answer demands a detailed knowledge of the fortunes of many hundreds of units in many battles. Nevertheless, as after a flood the gradually receding waters lay bare the general outlines of the country, so time has already revealed several outstanding features of the war, whose appearance is not likely to alter in consequence of any further revelations. Now, as usual, the larger and more important these features, the more likely they are to be overlooked—in the same way that the large lettering on a map which comprehends nations and continents, often attracts less notice than smaller letters and continents, often attracts less notice than smaller
Outwitted, out-maneuvred, without confidence in their leaders or enthusiasm for their cause, disheartened by continual and inexplicable retreats, time after time the Europeans faced about and cheated their enemies of victory. The wonder of the war is the success not of the Japanese but of the Russians. Under such leading and in such a cause they did so much. What might not equal bravery and equal discipline effect under a leader of genius and in a cause worth fighting for?

The Economics of the Wage System.

1. We have now travelled full circle round the wage system and examined its effects from all sides. We are confident that any unbiased mind has taken the journey with us will unhesitatingly agree that the great obstacle standing in the way of economic emancipation—the economic must precede the social—is the wage system. Yet the idea of wages has so penetrated the minds of people that we still find it difficult to convince them that any social and industrial system is possible without wages in some form or another. So was it in the Southern States of America before the war. "Slavery exist in some form or another; there are the slaves, what else can you do with them?" Yet the status of slavery was abolished. To-day, men of good will are saying in varying accents very much the same thing: "The wage system must exist in some form or another; there are the workmen, what else can you do with them?" Even such practised writers on social economics as Beatrice and Sidney Webb seem incapable of grasping any economic change that would abrogate the wage system. Thus, in their articles in the "Daily Herald" on Syndicalism they go to considerable pains to prove—unsuccessfully, of course—that Syndicalism would merely exchange the wage system for something so like it as to be practically indistinguishable from it. They conjure up a massive and tyrannical Syndicalist bureaucracy whose authority would transend anything ever suggested by Fabian Socialists. We are not Syndicalists, but Guild-Socialists, and in a certain sense our withers are unwrung. Nevertheless, recognising as we do that half of our social theory is Syndicalist, we cannot afford to let this criticism pass unchallenged.

The cardinal fact in the discussion is simply this: Mr. and Mrs. Webb and the cult they inspire decline to accept the accepted meaning of the term "wages." Anything the worker brings home, be it money or token conveying so much power to consume, is to them wages. It does not matter to them that the conditions which enable a working miner to bring home "thirty or fifty or seventy shillings" have anything to do with the question. It is simply hair-splitting to call them anything else but wages. Twenty years ago, there was no Socialist leader who more strongly insisted upon clearly defined terms than Mr. Sidney Webb. He recognises that the problem of wages is immensely important; he has been writing upon wage conditions for almost a generation: does it not occur to him that a clear definition of wages is a condition precedent to any serious discussion of the subject? If, during the slavery debate, some intemperate thinkers had argued that slaves were, after all, wage earners, their wage being their housing and their rations, the Sidney Webb of that period would have been the first to castigate the man for not mastering the plain meaning of clearly understood terms.

It is not that we are sticklers for fine shades of meaning if there is no substance behind it. But any discussion of the wage system is sheer waste of brain tissue, unless "wages" as a term conveys an accurate meaning. It is because the mass of wage earners have never stopped to analyse the true meaning of wages that to-day, notwithstanding our vaunted civilisation, the wage earner is economically servile and socially passive. The innumerable private discussions, the echoes of which reach us in many ways, that have arisen out of our examination of the wage system, convince us that half the tragedy of the present situation is due to the careless acceptance of a perverted meaning of the term wages, when it ought to be its most accurately defined and most clearly understood word in the language. Our means of livelihood constitute the foundation not only of our economic and social existence, but also of our spiritual conception of man's dignity and destiny. The psychological effects of the wage system are the true measure of its degrading influence upon our national life; yet, monstrous though it be, there do not appear to be half-a-dozen thinkers in the land who take the trouble accurately to understand the real meaning of wages, to say nothing of its thousand implications.

At the risk, then, of wearying our readers, we must try to define the real meaning of wages. We have already done so at various stages in this series of articles; we will now focus what has already been written.

Wages is the price paid for labour-power considered as a commodity. The price is calculated upon the cost of subsistence necessary to the maintenance of that labour power and its reproduction.

The price is further varied by the quality, scarcity, or organisation of the labour power. Thus a higher price may be paid (but not necessarily) for skilled labour, or for special labour that is scarce, or for labour that strengthens its economic power by means of trade union organisation. Low wages may be, and are, paid to unorganised skilled labour; higher wages may be, and are, paid to unskilled, but organised, labour. So closely is organisation related to the price paid over the subsistence level, that, broadly speaking, skilled labour almost connotes organised labour.

The price paid for labour power may be crudely based upon a recognised weekly sum that will barely ensure subsistence; it may be paid for specially applied tasks in a form known as piece-work. But piece-work prices are based upon subsistence plus the amount exacted by organisation.

The fundamental fact, common to every kind of wage, is the absolute sale of the labour commodity, which thereby passes from the seller to the buyer and becomes the buyer's exclusive property. This absolute sale conveys to the buyer absolute possession and control of the products of the purchased labour commodity and absolutely estops the seller of the labour commodity from any claim upon the surplus value created or any claim upon the conduct of the industry. The wage-earner's one function is to supply labour power at the market price. That once accomplished, he is economically of no consideration; he is an industrial "outlander."

It, therefore, follows that effective co-management (whether with the State or the employer) and the maintenance of the wage system are mutually exclusive. It also follows that the army of wealth-producers can never change their status inside the wage system.

Yet even serious thinkers persist in disregarding such a tremendous economic and social fact as of no importance. They think it does not much matter so long as the worker brings home "his thirty or fifty or seventy shillings each week." The slave status did not matter so long as the slave was reasonably sleek.

Now let us look more closely into our definition. We
have already disavowed the theory that labour power must be regarded purely as an economic commodity. We have asserted that labour means a vast deal more than a mere commodity; that its human implications cannot be disentangled from its economic definition. That being the absolute logical fact, that the classical economic conception of labour cannot be accepted if it clash with the human elements inherent in the labour. Since we first wrote upon this point, we have been fortified in our contention by Mr. Binney Diblee, by no means an advanced writer, indeed distinctly classical in economic tradition, whose book just published, "The Laws of Supply and Demand," is one of the sairest contributions to modern economics. Mr. Diblee is not merely a writer and an Oxford don; he is a man well versed in affairs both commercial and political. He boldly faces the question whether labour (he calls it human exertion) is a commodity.

"The chief reason for its segregation in terminology from all other things freely bought and sold is probably from serious considerations. It denies a similarity in essence of what costs us most in sacrifice with mere material objects. But the distinction can be justified by a deeper fundamental difference than any indicated by our terminology. The commodity of anything like equivalent value which is more often freely given away. . . . There is no commodity which resembles it in being sold habitually and by large classes of people for sums considerably below what would be its value, if the market were properly evaluated." Mr. Diblee then cites certain instances proving these points. And proceeds:—

"But there is another characteristic of labour which makes it different from ordinary commodities, and that is that it has without capital its means of holding back supply, capital is, as a rule, only in the hands of the buyer of labour, and thus it tends more rapidly than with the supply in general to run into a condition of glut. This fact is the cardinal feature of labour, as distinguishing it from other things which are bought and sold. . . ."

In other words, there are animating qualities in labour which render foolish any economic theory which classes it with inanimate commodities.

As we shall show later, Mr. Diblee does not approach this problem from our point of view. He would probably be shocked at the suggestion, but it is evident that he has accomplished a peculiarly valuable work in demonstrating that in essence human exertion resembles it in being sold habitually and by large classes of people for sums considerably below what would be its value, if the market were properly evaluated.

The American Third-Term Superstition. What would Lincoln Do? By Grant Harvey. (Sectional President Foreign Affairs Department Young Australian Movement.)

This article cannot appear until after the American Republican public has met at Chicago in mid-June and selected its Presidential candidate. But by reminding the Americans that they are a branch of the Anglo-Saxon family of nations, and that an interest in their Presidential campaign, not inferior, but in some ways superior to the American at home, such an article may serve a useful purpose.

For it is one of the prime defects of the inhabitants of the United States that they are in some respects the most provincial-minded Anglo-Saxon people under the sun. A diligent perusal, for many months past, of all kinds of American magazines and newspapers, fails to provide any evidence which would show that the American people, as interpreted by their newspaper and magazine editors, are anything but an eighteen centuries old, chauvinistic, provincial, and independent, but in some ways superior to the American at home, such an article may serve a useful purpose.

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...
can Civil War has totally disappeared. There was no Union, of course, until long after the withdrawal of the last American people, taking them in the bulk, although they are engaged in digging the equivalent of a new Suez Canal, still think and act along the lines laid down by that prehistoric Virginia warrior, George Washington.

It has made at least one intelligent Anglo-Saxon very tired to wade through hundreds upon hundreds of columns of dissertation upon the views of this extinct Mountain Man. Yet, to all intents and purposes, the habit of jibing at Britishers as worshippers of foolish precedent; but if Mr. Asquith were to get up in the House of Commons, or elsewhere, and insist that Mr. Balfour was impossible as a Prime Minister, because a certain course had been taken by the late Queen Anne, he would be laughed at and classed as a political nonentity. Queen Anne is dead, so is George Washington; and it is a great pity that the American people, who are so sensible in most things, will not permit George Washington and his doctrines to remain peacefully in the grave.

It may seem callous on the part of the external world to refuse to accept George Washington at the pretended American standard of valuation. But, perhaps, it is not wholly callous, because, as the disclosures that the American people themselves are heartily tired of this comic cult of Washington worship. Every new country goes through practically the same course of hero-manufacture. In the beginning it possesses no state of mind of its own, but is taken over by the existing national sentimentality of the old countries. Consequently, its gaze is for a certain period turned over-sea; it looks ever backward, for political and intellectual guidance, to the land of its racial origin, continually galled, however, by the consciousness of its own deficiency. The first man who comes fortuitously into sight, as Washington came for the Thirteen Colonies, is snatched at as a home-grown or orphaned hero. At last! the young nation exclaims: 'This is what we produced it to draw as its Cromwell and greater than Caesar!' And so the local Washington is set up on a pedestal, and his every written or spoken word indifferently disinterred and interpreted as the utterance of a more-than-Delphic oracle; with the result that the growing nation loses all sense of historic perspective, and becomes smitten with the disease of provincialism in its most virulent form.

This is what ails America. The nation is meeting new needs, but false pride cools it to drift as its rigid cult of Washington worship after it. The new men—the Theodore Roosevelts of America—are cognizant of the new needs of the new time; but they are overbalanced by the provincialism of the eighteenth century. Washington, for purely private reasons, refused to serve a third term as President of the United States. Washington was no statesman, however. He was simply an earnest plodder in the business of war conditions having terminated, it was, therefore, a perfectly natural thing for Washing-}

an infinitely bigger and greater man than Washington. Probably it will be another fifty years before the significance of Lincoln's work strikes fully home upon the American imagination. But however long it may be before the American nation gives over the Washington cult, the external world has a right to demand that the United States shall forthwith win free from the tangles of the Washingtonian third-term superstition. This, of course, may seem an arrogant claim upon the part of a non-American observer. The American people, it may be shared, is interested, have an interest right to prescribe their own Presidential conditions; and if they object to any man being President for a third term, that is their own affair. It was Mr. Roosevelt, however, who recently set the example of friendly criticism, one with the other, amongst the world-wide family of Anglo-Saxon peoples. "Get-On-Or-Get-Out!" was the text from which the ex-President preached in lecturing Great Britain—very rightly, as it seems to us—upon her manifest duty in Egypt. Now, the American people as a whole felt immensely pleased on that occasion when their Theodore Roosevelt "talked straight!" to the head office, so to speak, of the British Empire; consequently the same American people should enter no caveat when a Britisher proposes to preach from that text with regard to the future of the world-business now being conducted, in the field of diplomacy as well as in that of trade, by the United States.

One hopes, therefore to be pardoned for making the suggestion that if the present of the Washington third-term superstition, the American people should address to themselves this question: What would Lincoln do? The great President who held the United States together at the crucial epoch was assassinated shortly after the commencement of his second term. If Lincoln had lived, and if the necessities of the Reconstruction period had demanded a continuation of Lincoln's Presidential sway, would that Illinois splitter have allowed the Washingtonian precedent to bar him a third term? That is a question whose answer would cast an interesting light on Roosevelt's nomination.

At this stage of writing cables are still warm with the news that Roosevelt has beaten Taft in the Republican primaries for Ohio, which is Taft's home State. The phrase "Roosevelt's nomination" is, therefore, used subject to the possibilities of a swing round for Taft as a result of dissensions before and after the Chicago Convention. But it ought to go on record that the peoples of these over-sea Commonwealths of the British Empire are vividly interested in Roosevelt's success. When Roosevelt sent the American Fleet to Australia, he practically confirmed this country's attitude towards the United States. We want to see Roosevelt President again, that the Stars and Stripes may float level with our Australian Flag in the Pacific.

Great Britain has turned over to Japan the guardianship of British interests in the East, an insane policy of opposition to the Imperial projects of Germany having compelled the massing of the British Navy in the North Sea. Australia, with a territory approximately as large as that of the United States, and with the richest unoccupied area under the sun, has a population of less than five millions. Japan, on the other hand, while our Navy is only being commenced, has a vast sea armament backed up by an over-crowded population of fifty millions. When the Panama Canal is finished, the American Fleet that visited Australia a couple of years ago—if Roosevelt becomes President again—will become a permanent and an increasingly powerful factor in the Pacific. This explains the vital and highest nature of our interest in the American Presidential campaign.

From its very beginning the Democratic Party in American politics has been opposed to the growth of an American Navy. The majority in Congress in 1912 is in this respect identical with the Democratic attitude in the time of Jefferson. The present successors of Jefferson—Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey and the present Governor of Ohio—are still on the side of provincialism and national repression. They do not understand the tremendous
part that America must play in world-politics in the near future. They believe that Courts of Arbitration at the international difficulties. From the point of view of the Anglo-Teutonic group of nations if a Democratic President like Wilson or Harmon were to be elected in 1912. Let the American people make no mistake about it—it is the world, and not merely the United States, that demands Roosevelt in action. If Taft should be chosen at the Chicago Convention, the failure of Republicanism plus success of the Democratic candidate seems assured. At all events, if Taft becomes the Republican nominee, then every far-sighted Britisher must join in a supreme effort to bring about a better understanding between England and Germany; for with a Democratic President in office, a war with England would be a much safer risk for the German Empire. America counts for much or little in world affairs, exactly as the barometer of the Republican Party rises or falls.

The Republican party had its beginning with Lincoln. Now, both internally and externally, a similar crucial time of reconstruction is a work of reconstruction to be carried through that calls for a man of the Lincoln calibre. And Roosevelt, with all his faults, is the only American leader who impresses the external world as being equal to the job. Roosevelt's Big-Navy policy would not set a guarantee, not of war, but of peace. It is the Democratic Small-Navy policy that threatens the world, and threatens America—not the policy of the Big Stick. And if the American sham-worship of Washington and the third-term superstition denies the world the services of Roosevelt as a peacemaker, then Washington dead will do more harm than Washington living ever performed in the way of good. The Republican Party must go through the same process of purification and regeneration as the Unionist Party in Great Britain. Taft is the Balfour—allowing for minor discrepancies—of American politics. Neither can lead his party to victory, therefore the party must look elsewhere for a captain. Between Bonar Law, who has never held responsible office, and ex-President Roosevelt there is a wide space set; and Great Britain is distressed at present with a painfully inadequate Unionist leadership. Both countries, indeed, would do well to make an end of all provincialism, and ponder earnestly this simple question: Who would Lincoln do?

A Dialogue Between Epictetus and Clifordus Acutus.

By T. K. L.

E.: You believe that invective may be useful just now to intellectualism? But at what does a journal without any view direct genuine invective?

C. A.: Oh, it hits out blindly at everybody else's view. E.: Then you were wasting the word genuine, and you would consider it a tremendous disloyalty for the Anglo-Teutonic group of nations if a Democratic President like Wilson or Harmon were to be elected in 1912. Let the American people make no mistake about it—it is the world, and not merely the United States, that demands Roosevelt in action. If Taft should be chosen at the Chicago Convention, the failure of Republicanism plus success of the Democratic candidate seems assured. At all events, if Taft becomes the Republican nominee, then every far-sighted Britisher must join in a supreme effort to bring about a better understanding between England and Germany; for with a Democratic President in office, a war with England would be a much safer risk for the German Empire. America counts for much or little in world affairs, exactly as the barometer of the Republican Party rises or falls.

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A Dialogue Between Epictetus and Cliffordus Acutus.

By T. K. L.

E.: You appear solicitous about something, my young friend. What have you allowed to incur your aversion or your desire?

C. A.: Have you not seen how The New Age has been receiving congratulations upon the splendid things people imagine it to be doing, when, as a matter of fact, that journal stands for nothing, is leading nowhere, and reflects only the intellectual bankruptcy of the intellectuals?

E.: Does The New Age, then, stand for the intellectuals?

C. A.: Oh, it professes that position.

E.: But in your opinion?

C. A.: I once was of that opinion.

E.: But now you find that The New Age does not express the intellectual views?

C. A.: It expresses nothing, absolutely nothing, no view of any sort.

E.: Then how do you understand by your solicitude that you wish it to express some view? But why trouble about a journal that is below any congratulation?

C. A.: Stay still! Perhaps there is one thing on which I can sincerely congratulate it—it is re-creating the lost art of genuine invective.

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The New Age

C. A.: Someone must govern, certainly.
E.: I will not inquire whom you have in mind to compose your bureaucracy. Caesar is always Caesar. But I hope I have understood you that the skilled workers are discontented with the private capitalist, who are autocrats?
C. A.: Yes.
E.: And that your bureaucracy would direct all expenditure, taking all major powers from the private capitalist and vesting them in itself?
C. A.: Yes.
E.: And that therefore the skilled workers would become contented?
C. A.: Yes.
E.: Wretch! But the rod of Antisthenes upon the back of Diogenes, be more regardful of a syllogism. Is this, then, the intellectualism that you would thrust upon the world? I am not surprised that The New Age, even if it be as mad as you say, should make light of you.
C. A.: It is all very well, Epictetus, to set a trap for me and then beat me for being caught. But to tell you the truth, I am altogether at a loose end. All those things I mentioned to you as belonging to the slow and patient way of social progress, I have all I have seen and done and helped to do from my youth up. And I am sick to death of slaving and seeing nothing worth a cent come of my work. When I spoke of genuine inventive I really expressed myself. And, by Jupiter, if anyone would start socially reconstructing with the aid of dynamite, I'd join them. And that is why I blame The New Age. It does not go far enough or fast enough for me. It has not the courage of a goose-quill.
E.: And what prevents you from going at your own pace and as far as you choose?
C. A.: Excuse my abruptness, Epictetus, I must be off. I have some work to do for the Unionist Social Reform Committee, sub-section Housing.

On Reading.

Why are not literate people necessarily cultured, and cultured people necessarily literate? The distinction is not one of degree between culture and reading, but one of kind. There are two ways of reading: one is the literate and the other is the cultured way. The difference between them is this: the merely literate person skims the meaning of what he reads and accepts or rejects its import according to his first impression. He is an impressionist, who looks for the surface both of books and of his own mind for a report of what is. The cultured person, on the other hand, knows that both the written sentence and his own first impression are approximations only to truth. Each points, but neither does more than point. Thus in reading he inquires as well what the author says in words as what he meant to say, what he could have said, and what he failed to say. Sentence and lines for him are symbols of thought rather than complete expressions. They are thoughts in a certain stage of development, early and embryonic, or late and ripe, as the case may be. Culture divines the age of the sentence and the age of the thought behind it, also the nature of the mind in which it had its birth. But culture is similarly critical of itself—not sceptical, but waiting and attentive. Few deep impressions are instantly articulate. Few moods are immediate. Similar sequences occur between all moods and all actions; but they are usually to show that by the time of the action its originating mood is forgotten. Reading induces moods; moods induce action. Learn to divine the predestined action of every induced mood.

No writer can induce moods in his reader which are not native to himself. Water cannot rise higher than its source. To write well, that is to induce spirited moods, the writer must himself be spirited. Hypocrisy, therefore, is impossible in literature, for the mood induced is to the mood pretended exactly what the writer is to his habitual mood. Consequently every writer, however censorious, who shall not be written. But his vision of heaven and of hell is the same.

A censorship of literature is foolish, because it determines merely what shall not be written. A wise censorship would determine what should not write. A black magician cannot perform white magic; a white magician cannot work black magic. All literature is magical in that it induces moods. But moods spring from moods; and from bad moods come only bad moods, the same as subject, style, matter, and even intention of the writer what they may.
Time, Space and Antiquity.

By J. M. Kennedy.

It will not, I think, turn out to be such a fearsome article as the title would indicate. I do not wish to combat Mr. Bax—wasn’t it Mr. Bax?—by saying that time is not an entity, or the geometrians by saying that space is not tri-dimensional. These things are, I am pleased to think, outside our purview. But concerning antiquity there are a few misconceptions, misunderstandings. One might as well try to point them out.

No one will question the statement that the study of classical antiquity has made vast progress during the last fifty or sixty years. We have not been content to search merely for manuscripts for purposes of textual emendation, or to delve into various branches of ancient culture—painting, music, law, politics, and so on. We have unearthed coins, we have dug up cities, we have have examined collections of the colloquial inscriptions on walls and pillars, we have examined pieces of pottery, epitaphs, coins. Every little relic of classical culture has been turned to account. The list of books written by specialists, especially German specialists, on their particular subjects is appalling. Few problems relating to morals, customs, manners, habits, economics, ethics, philosophy, politics, have been left unsolved. Few problems relating to morals, customs, manners, habits, economics, ethics, philosophy, politics, have been left unsolved. From the signs of the Zodiac in order to vindicate the study of abstract science. And another is a passage of genuine poetry, in the midst of some lines very nearly as bad as some of Brown’s best, where Manilus speaks of the minute compass of the eye of man, with its power, nevertheless, to take in all the immensity of the heavens. The vastness of our decadents beat that!

We are not saved by our engineering and our science; and the ancients beat us on other points. But I wanted to say something about time and space; or rather I wanted to say something about time and space. Every little relic of classical culture has been turned to account. The list of books written by specialists, especially German specialists, on their particular subjects is appalling. Few problems relating to morals, customs, manners, habits, economics, ethics, philosophy, politics, have been left unsolved. Few problems relating to morals, customs, manners, habits, economics, ethics, philosophy, politics, have been left unsolved. From the signs of the Zodiac in order to vindicate the study of abstract science. And another is a passage of genuine poetry, in the midst of some lines very nearly as bad as some of Brown’s best, where Manilus speaks of the minute compass of the eye of man, with its power, nevertheless, to take in all the immensity of the heavens. The vastness of our decadents beat that!

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Scenes from the Commune of Paris.

By an Eye-Witness.

(The translated by authority of the Author from the French of Louis Barron by Amy Skovgaard-Pedersen.)

III.—AT SATORY.

The horrible vision of the field of Satory still haunts me as painfully as if the ignominious scenes of which I was a witness dated only from yesterday. I have scarcely need of memory to recall to my mind the faces of these unhappy creatures, squeezed into one side of it their offices, and a prison for women and children, to the left, a sort of barn or stable without windows. Since the month of April, and especially during the last few days, the commanding army had incarcerated its prisoners here.

When we arrived we found there many thousands of these unhappy creatures, squeezed into one side of it in a narrow space, behind a hedge of gendarmes armed to the teeth. And I can see them, bare-headed beneath a blazing sun that burned into their skulls—for they had been obliged to throw away their head-gear—ragged, and soiled with dust and sweat, some of them with face or chest, an arm or a leg, enveloped in linen sticking to fresh wounds, or a disgusting mass of blood that oozed from infected wounds. Altogether, they presented an inexpressible aspect of stupor, timidity, insuperable, uprightness or crouching down, they seemed to expect nothing further than the death with which they were constantly menaced. Oh! they were indeed vanquished by destiny. Pitiable playthings of political forces, credulous members of the lying sovereignty pariscans, forlorn victims of the revolutions of the fourth of September and the eighteenth of March, destined for the holocaust of those furious idols—Country, Government, Army—whom, without being aware of it, they had offended and alarmed, they could not even comprehend why and wherefore they were there.

Our presence somewhat reanimates them. So soon as the gendarmes have placed beside them with the injunction, "Don't budge from the line or we'll fire," they息息 amongst them, panting for news, creep towards us on their knees. A few try to justify their severity in their own eyes. They are conducted to the police-station. They intimate that they are seeking old criminals, incendiaries, petroleum-throwers, assassins; often, a list in their hands, they call out names, and a few improbable persons answer when it would be so easy to hide themselves amongst the anonymous crowd of the conquered, if they themselves to be guilty of crimes against the common law.

They are conducted to the police-station. They issue forth again chained two and two; they leave the enclosure and the question, "Where are they taking them to?" escapes us. The gendarmes supply us with the information, "Two steps away their business is settled." Settled, indeed! Most likely denounced like Milibre and Vaincre, these powerful enemies of their revolutionary zeal, the improvised tribunal of a military pro- vost makes them undergo a semblance of trial, and immediately after, "To the wall!" A fusillade breaks out, our comrades have lived.

"A drink! A drink!"

"Send this letter, I beg of you!"... I still seem to hear in my ears these vain and pitious cries mingling with the crepitation of the fusillades growing more and more frequent and so near, so distinct, that it is almost as if they were aiming at us through the chinks in the walls. The gendarmes and policemen mock at their pleasure: "Swallow your spit, brigand; if it doesn't poison you it will soften your spit, brigand; if it doesn't poison you it will soften your spit, brigand; if it doesn't poison you it will soften your spit, brigand; if it doesn't poison you it will soften you stomach Rowe.

"What will they do to us?" escapes us. The gendarmes supply us with the information, "Two steps away their business is settled." Settled, indeed! Most likely denounced like Milibre and Vaincre, these powerful enemies of their revolutionary zeal, the improvised tribunal of a military pro- vost makes them undergo a semblance of trial, and immediately after, "To the wall!" A fusillade breaks out, our comrades have lived.

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A few try to justify their severity in their own eyes.

"If we'd fallen into your hands you'd have shot us, eh? Well, we let you live; what are you grumbling at?" But others cry, "They ought all to have had their throats cut in the Bois de Boulogne."

Convoys of prisoners succeed each other from hour to hour, augmenting the terror of those already assembled at Satory. It now seems to them certain that they will be massacred, that they have been brought here to be killed altogether, without hope of escape for anyone, without trial, without any formality, and in a few hours without doubt, at a barbarous death. They exchange complaints, sweating with fear: "What will they do to us? Shoot us, of course. Do you think they'll dare to? Why not?—they are the masters. But they could have shot us at Paris! No, Paris is still resisting, and, then, it's more convenient here. Oh, if I knew! My wife! My children! My poor mother!"

And the grunts that are too violent to be contained burst out around me.

Yes or no, will they be killed or kept prisoner? The gendarmes and the guardians of the peace are silent, the prisoners question one another, and find it far from reassuring. We hear the sound of artillery-pieces being rolled along, and of the tramp of soldiers outside the walls. Soon the threatening muzzles, shop devastated, pillaged, and the thought of his ruin overcomes him; he whispers like a little child. Three brothers, scarcely adult (the youngest is ten), whose father has been killed at Satory, are his. His old mother left alone without resources in the empty home. A thousand worries as to business, expirations, due rents, a thousand fears of law-suits, bailiffs, stampeded papers, murder, poison, fire, a thousand terrifying visions of the omnipotence of landlords and creditors hastening to profit by their absence to despise them, all the institutions, all the officials, all the magistrates, they become into the right of the strongest, rise up before them, and, overwhelming them by their vindictiveness, agitate and prostrate them with agonising tortures. How may they reassure their loved ones? How defend their interests? Several times they have already tried to send news, but the letters, scrambled on a sheet of a note-book and given to the gendarmes, fall into the hands of the police, where they remain, and no doubt furnish the commencement of a file. They receive no answers.

The police have not awaited these revelations to begin work. At every instant inspectors of the public safety pass, scrutinising our faces, searching amongst us for men particularly designated to the "justice of court-martial" that they initiate amongst us the proceedings for news, creep towards us...
of the cannon appear in the breaches of the walls, guns are aimed through the loop-holes. There are quick blows of pick and mattock and fresh breaches, fresh loop-holes are made and garnished with weapons. Why, if not to sweep with their fire the whole mass of the crowd and to crush them in their imaginations? They are driven to death by the fever, the wounded, drag themselves along the ground to obtain a few drops of the liquid so long awaited. No consideration, no pity for them. The cry of the savage instinct of self-preservation, every noble sentiment seems blotted out; the fraternity of arms, and that more sacred one of misfortune, no longer exercise any power. And it is this sight of the ferocious Communists, brought to such an abasement of themselves, that brings in the tears of the strongest of the others the most ignoble words, that arouses such joy in the privileged spectators. They laugh, they exclaim, a little more and they would applaud. Was there ever a more diverting scene?

A sudden thunder-shower, one of those heavy falls of rain that soak one to the bone in a few minutes, inundates the camp, rushing tumultuously along the ruts made by the artillery-wagons. The society ladies at the first drops, uttering little cries of laughter and fear, and we find ourselves laughing, too, for the shower refreshes us after these days of fire and iron. We stretch out our lips, our foreheads, our chests to receive the water like the earth, and the slow rain continues to dig into our flesh with myriads of little needles which no longer do anything but hurt us. Our clothes stick to our skin, the old and the very young prisoners are dying that with the exception of the most guilty, who will be shot—Naturally!—the rest will be sent to Cayenne or somewhere. Oh, my sweet one, how you comfort me! Since we are not to have our throats cut, what are these precious Society ladies waiting for? This is it. Waggons loaded with barrels of water enter the camp, conducted by soldiers. They draw up in front of the prisoners devour'd by thirst and ready to throw themselves upon them at the least signal from their guards. And now begins the spectacle which has been promised to the Provost's favourites, the spectacle to taste the ineffable delectation of which they come every day. A voice commands, "Let go!" and immediately, breaking their ranks with a great cry of animal joy, the captives, no, a crowd of human beasts, fling themselves on the wagons as if on a fresh source of life, pushing, shoving, over each other, the strength of their feet; the weak, in a state of indescribable confusion, holding out their dry mouths and their eager hands to the distributors. "A drink! a drink! Me, monsieur, me!"

"Turners, bowls, bottles, brought no one knows whence, and violently seized, hats and shoes, are held beneath the tarp that runs too slowly. Scarcely is the thirst of one quenched when the crowd of others push him away. But he wants to drink again, resists, strikes, sweats, and there arises amongst the unhappy wretches violent quarrels, blows, horrible insults. Fearing that they will not be able to refresh themselves, the weak, the timid, the educated, loathing brutality, beg the soldiers to allow them to go. They must be so, and they imagine bringing them near to death. A few whisper, "It's already done! Yes, at Paris, the Lobau!"

The streets of laughter, and they enjoy like a delicious sherbet their revenge for the odious fourth of September; one can guess, from their little affected grimaces of scandalised dolls, from their little cries of frightened parrots, what they are saying, which they sense... There are, too, the fair ladies of the provinces, the legitimist châtelaines whom political hazards have brought from their little castles where they were growing mouldy, to lead them to Versailles in the tracks of their ancestors, to imitate the airy manners of the pseudo-queens of fashion who still give the "tone." All these charming marquises de Prétinailles, on the arms of their husbands, elect their letters, which are already burning to sell France "to God and the King!"

And it is a treat to see these comtesses d'Escarbagnas, these marquises de Prétinailles, on the arms of their husbands, elect their letters, which are already burning to sell France "to God and the King!"

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foul water, drag themselves on their knees towards the walls; they approach them, believing themselves un
of the living targets. And fresh victims. The defenders
not a complaint, not a murmur; the sinister night, the
there a corpse. The camp awakens. The police
examine the wounded who are dying, the sick who are
at their last gasp, then they go to fetch the stretchers.
I have counted the dead and the dying carried away
before my eyes (and I have not seen them all); there
are eighteen.

Views and Reviews.*
I must confess that Mr. Holbrook Jackson is more competent than I am to review this book about Martin Harvey. In the first place, Mr. Jackson suggests, in one of these essays, that not Dickens but Martin Harvey is the creator of Sir Percy Carteron; and Mr. Edgar labours so to prove the same thing that only Mr. Jackson could rejoice at the demonstration. Secondly, Mr. Jackson justifies his reputation as a philologist by this voluble and well-written essay, "Concerning Personalities," wherein he argues that we are more interested in the artist than in his art, that the artist is more interested in himself than in his art, and, indeed, uses his art to attract attention to himself. Personality alone is of abiding interest: did not Nietzsche declare that every philosophy, for example, is, in the last analysis, an autobiography? That philosophies do not endure in the affections of common people is due to the fact, if one may adopt Mr. Jackson's argument to a case not cited by him, that the personality of philosophers is not often delightful. Certainly, that of actors has more immediate interest, and Mr. Edgar's treatment of Martin Harvey so agrees with Mr. Jackson's argument that obviously Mr. Jackson is the only proper and competent person to review the book. So far as is possible, I intend that he shall do so.

As a further proof of Mr. Jackson's competence for this office, I may cite the fact that in his fourth essay he declares that to be angry with people who suffer from swollen head 'is to join issue with the offenders: it is as perilous that they are right, as it was, you claim.' For his part, he is only amused by such people. This book about Martin Harvey ought to keep him supplied with Olympian merriment for many a day. For what are we to think of a man who, at first, rejects the suggestion that his life-story ought to be written, on the ground that "no one would care to read the book. . . . Let me live a few years longer, let me develop a greater interest for the public. Then I will give all the necessary informa-
tion, and allows the book to be published with a prefatory advertisement of Martin Harvey's acting in "Pelléas et Mélisande," written by the egregious Maeterlinck. Only Mr. Jackson could smile; and it is to be regretted that he did not include Martin Harvey in his gallery of notable people.

For if the importance of Whitman is the simple fact that he was a barbarian who "yawped," if the importance of Whistler's "Arrangement in Grey and Black" is not its artistic value, but its reverential adoration of the mystery of motherhood, surely the importance of Martin Harvey is not determined by, or confined to, his works as an actor, but by his power of making people interested in the details of his domestic life, in the difficulties of theatrical management, in the soul of an actor who intends to be an artist. That the device is the one used by every musical comedy girl, that it consists in being photographed and photographed, that in every way the attempt is made to prove that Martin Harvey must be considered a wonderful actor, a charming man, and works very hard, and has had reverses, are facts that should commend the study of Martin Harvey to Mr. Jackson. Meredith, Morris, Jeffries, Thoreau, Whitman, Poe, and Synge, are dead; and not even Mr. Jackson can reverse the judg-
ment of their work passed by posterity by any assumed or genuine interest in their personality. But Martin Harvey is alive; if he has a life behind him, he has one in front of him and the smallest advance even of the doubtless be thankfully received. For he is not a lily that cannot be painted, or refined gold that cannot be gilded: he is the type of artist of whom Mr. Jackson writes, of whom "the test lies in his power of attract-
ing attention to himself."

Exactly what the art of drama means to Martin Harvey may be deduced from the following anecdote, and Mr. Jackson will probably appreciate this exemplification of his thesis: "When Martin Harvey produced 'The Last Heir,' old Loveday was the stage director, and the Chief thought a good deal of him and his ex-
perience of stage work. After the play had been run-
nings, Martin Harvey, having found a word that he thought might improve it. He developed the idea that, because he was not on the stage during most of the third act, the play was seriously weakened. Mr. Harvey decided to consult Loveday; the latter said to the first: 'This is an easy way to improve the play.' "Always a very abstemious man, a glass of wine often turned the genial Loveday from his almost unvarying tactfulness to a man who had very frank opinions about many things. 'You know,' Loveday said, 'the third act is the most important part of all.' Loveday nodded with an encouraging and appreciative solemnity. 'Now, don't you think, as so many people come to see me, they are likely to be dis-
appointed?' "Don't you think I ought to strengthen up the third act by being on the stage a little more?'

Loveday, without a moment's hesitation, and banging his fist on the table with a force that made the cutlery and plate ring again, expressed his opinion. 'My dear boy,' said Loveday, in his richly genial manner, 'don't let that worry you. It don't matter a damn whether you are on the stage or not!'

One problem arises, of which only Mr. Jackson could find the solution. John M. Synge had presumably the same motive in writing as other artists; and his plays ought to possess a similar interest, as Mr. Jackson includes a consideration of them in this volume. I do not know whether Martin Harvey will ever attempt to play Synge: certainly his reputation as an "artist" cannot be maintained by performances of the works of Freeman Wills, varied by those of Professor Gilbert Murray, with an occasional sacrifice of Shakespeare. It is conceivable that he might attempt to play Synge, more probably in the distant future; for Martin Harvey, we are credibly informed, usually takes years to develop one of his artistic conceptions. If he ever conceives and acts out such a performance, the problem arises: 'In whose personality shall, and should, we be interested?' Synge is dead, and cannot defend his plays from distortion; and his art as a dramatist is likely to suffer at the hands of an actor-manager. For Martin Harvey has allowed it to be placed on record that "my game in this world is acting, and not necessarily the exploitation of literature. The people who blame me for the material I use forget that the material—which is Martin Harvey—is chosen by me because it gives me opportunities to practise my art—the art of acting. While critics with a certain outlook may not agree, in actual practice there are plays—sometimes the very finest dramatic art, if you will—more opportunities as an actor than some of the plays my critics constantly expect me to produce. My business in life is acting, and not the exploitation of dramatists, and my concern is to provide myself with

* "Martin Harvey." By George Edgar. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)
* "All Manner of Folk." By Holbrook Jackson. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)
The Four Men. By Hilaire Belloc. (Nelson. 2s. net.)

Mr. Belloc is not an original writer: he is simply personal, and his personality is pleasing. He will never write a new book, but he is never tired of writing the old one; and his amazing versatility makes every variant of his old subjects interesting. His political bias and his Catholicism are revealed again in song and prose; and Mr. Belloc will invent history if only a roaring catch can be made of it. That girls should be plump and ale should be brown is still the burden of his song; and poetry, and law, and vegetarianism, and all the other barbarities of civilisation are the butts for his shafts. In this book he would like his readers to believe that all good things, including Belloc, came from Sussex; and, indeed, he goes nigh to prove it, more by his fallacious history and his bawdry than by the most serious aspect of himself that is revealed in the last chapter. We cannot imagine that Mr. Belloc ever felt lonely, and it is not pleasant to see him in the throes of composition of some rather maulin verses on the subject. We can only suppose that Mr. Belloc has achieved the impossible, and has become sentimental about Sussex.

Off Beaten Tracks in Brittany. By Emil Davies. (Swift. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Davies, like all Fabians, is cursed with the sense of his own importance. Not merely does he imagine that an account of his holiday in Brittany is of interest to other people, but he asserts that the book is a masterpiece. "If anyone told me that this book was a masterpiece," he says, "I should not be particularly impressed, because I should know it to be true." Really, the book cannot be a masterpiece: Mr. Davies was himself wherever he went. So we learn very little about Brittany, and a good deal of Mr. Davies that we should have otherwise avoided learning. We learn that Mr. Davies is a Fabian, a vegetarian, and a teetotaller; and the advertisement describes it, simply recounts Mr. Davies' experiences, his difficulties in obtaining fruit or milk, and the humour of his intercourse with French wine. He introduces, most unnecessarily, a number of anecdotes about an individual who employed him, presumably, as a clerk; and he pays the customary Fabian tribute to the psychological perspicacity of his wife. In short, Mr. Davies attempts to throw the glamour of vice about an account of an innocuous and virtuous holiday; and reaches the literary standard of an office-boy, and the spatial altitude of a music-hall comedian.

Spring Days. By George Moore. (Werner Laurie. 6s.)

There are many reasons for re-publishing works, but Mr. Moore has given the worst. Everything, including George Moore, agreed that this was a bad book when it was published; since that time the corruption of taste has been such that individuals have confided to Mr. Moore the information that it is the best book that he has ever written. It is most original, they said; utterly unlike anything that has been attempted, and still better, a bad book; but the constant dropping of water wore away the philosopher's stone, so that Mr. Moore at last read the story and enjoyed it. The reading public is asked to stodge itself with the history of a suburban family who have money and some morals, but no manners. It is a story of some crude women flirting with the atmosphere, presumably, for none of the men of the Southdown Road ever materialise. There is a father who weeps, two aunts who loquate, a brother-in-law who loquates, a brother who keeps quiet, and a mistress, a lover, a peer's nephew who paints pictures, and loves a barmaid, and therefore marries one of the three girls who are always quarrelling and fighting with each other. The characters are individualised by the farcical method of the turned speech and stereotyped action; and we can only conclude that when Mr. Moore threw this book into the Liffey he threw his judgment with it.

The Path of Social Progress. By Mrs. George Kerr. (Nelson. 2s. net.)

Mrs. George Kerr has no solution to propose, but we conclude from the fact that she is the secretary of the Edinburgh Charity Organisation Society, as well as from the reading of her book that she believes that poverty is directly due to the depravity of the poor. Dr. Chalmers' scheme, to which she directs our attention in the opening chapter, she praises because distress was abolished in the very poorest parish of Glasgow at a cost of £80 per annum. No scheme of relief, she argues, can ever be effective: the people by who are taught and made to live decently, whatever the circumstances of their lives. In fact, people are not suffering from poverty, but lack of religion, of education, hygienic, dietetic, and economic knowledge, and the principle of mutual aid. And she suggests that the Church is to organise each parish so that this instruction may be given, and a great saving effected in the cost of Poor Law administration. People should not be encouraged to apply for relief: they should be made to do without, and how to help each other, and save the capitalists the cost of their maintenance. She brushes aside Socialism with the remark that the minimum wage and the right to work have been tried, and have failed; and she is unable to imagine that neither of these things is Socialism. She looks to Eugenics as the real solution; for she supposes that she has demonstrated that the cause of poverty does not arise in the environment, but in the individual, and inagine that the child of the poor is an creation of the old gang who want to receive power or payment for preventing the poor from becoming rich; and reversing the historic dictum, she suggests that if the people cannot get cake to eat they should eat bread, and be thankful that so nourishing a food is left to them.

Four French Adventurers. By Stoddard Dewey. (Nelson. 2s. net.)

The worse thing has evidently beenfallen biography when the history of French adventurers is retailed at sixpence each. Once again, we have to protest against publication of stories that are utterly without point or purpose. In one case, at least, there was an opportunity for a historian either to lay the ghost of a legend or to establish the illegitimacy of Louis the Eighteenth's tenure of the throne of France, but Mr. Dewey examined the evidence for and against the claims of "Charles of Navarre," to prove nothing else than that he is capable of filling a certain number of pages. Collet, Pontis de Sainte-Hélène, and Louis de Mar-silly, are the three adventurers; and we discover no reason why the history of these people should be resurrected. If Mr. Dewey wishes to prove that the French judicial procedure results in grave injustice, that can be shown better than by retelling the stories of a swindler, a leader of a gang of burglars, and a bogus company promoter. If Mr. Dewey has any opinion about what he would probably call "drab civi-lisation," we might be pleased to read it in another form; but to couple it with the history of men whose abilities only brought them within the reach of the law, and of whose psychology Mr. Dewey leaves us ignorant, is to deprive himself of all serious consideration. Even at sixpence each, these stories are too dear; for we can obtain the history of contemporary criminals in any halfpenny paper.

The Meaning of Liberalism. By J. M. Robertson. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)

There is a form of naïveté that is really knavery, and its name is disingenuousness: Mr. Robertson as a special pleadler for Liberalism, protesting its good inten-
tions and reciting the list of its good works, has his share of it. For we know that Liberalism was made in Lancashire; that it extended, if it did not invent, the factory system, and used up nine generations of men in one generation; that it swamped the Chartist movement with the anti-Corn Law agitation, which ruined the landlords, destroyed agriculture, and enriched the capitalists; and that it opposed the passing of the Factory Acts. To go further back, we know that Liberalism, or that "intellectual sympathy" that breeds compulsory contributions; and we know that if Conservatism is Capitalism dying in the last ditch, Liberalism is Capitalism living by its wits. Yet this is the moment that Mr. Robertson chooses to tell us that Conservatism is the enemy, not Liberalism; in fact, he writes a book called "Vatism is Capitalism dying in the last ditch, Liberalism is Capitalism living by its wits." But his disingenuousness becomes flagrant when he addresses the Socialists, and tells them that Socialism is a beautiful dream, with which, as a Ethical, he sympathises, but which is quite impracticable at the present time. There are always those dreadful fellows, the Conservatives, who will rattle us back into barbarism with their Tariff Reform and other schemes if the pace of reform is hastened too much. Such catastrophes have happened before, he says; remember how the aristocrats of the Roman Empire assassinated the reformers, and brought that great civilisation to destruction, and let us help that great and noble man, Mr. John Masefield, still writing his epitaph and explaining how impossible it is to express oneself on "Ships"—:

I cannot tell them their work nor make known Magic that once thrilled through me to the bone.

Mr. W. W. Gibson on "Ovens." A certain tramp—

He felt the cold stars in his bones.

That goes one better than thrilled-to-the-bone, and Mr. James Douglas ought to miss F. R. Kidson. James Douglas ought to miss F. R. Kidson. F. R. Kidson imagines herself to be the surviving mother of a wonder-child, whom she buries amid many clichés. Mr. Cunningham-Graham is as ever, and Mr. Galsworthy still meditates— infamy now. Mr. Savage patronises poor Richard Middleton. Every Fleet Street soul who ever met Middleton is busy making a guinea out of the incident; and not one but is careful to hint that he was what he was, a failure, a man with too much egoism. It was a poor age that produced so many Middletons, but no age, however wretched, has room for these people, neither able to create works of art nor content to do anything else.

Charles Lamb should be their exemplar. They should get a situation and write as they may; but they prefer to shadow Verlaine and to love poppies and die, and, next to marrying, "is the best thing for them. We could put our heads on their shoulders and so give you the egoist now being hatched for an ignominious end by putrid reviewers. When the victim is gone, they will stuff their mouths with wind like this Mr. Savage who quotes a fanciful little erotic verse in evidence of Middleton's genius, and liks "A. H." who reviews "the first mummy is in its old place just where we last saw it; Mr. John Masefield, still writing his epitaph and explaining how impossible it is to express oneself on "Ships"—:

'Oh, the grip of creation is plainly lacking.

Beware, young Chatterton, young Crackan-thorpe, young Davidson! These friends of yours will kill you twice, once while you still breathe, with their vampirism, and again, after you are stifled out of the world, they will say what little reputation you may have had. In Middleton's work, "The Story of a Book," he accuses these assassins of the soul. Read it—and then note how many of these reviewers have so much as referred to it in their notices!

Miss May Sinclair writes a "Defence of Men." "In the long run they will always be purged from this fiery ordeal of women's eyes." Why not? He has come through the watery ordeal. Mr. Lee touts for the Nobel Prize for Mr. A. Upward, and tells poor old Carnegie that his libraries, once a year's copy for Fleet Street (and now more copy) are big, brutal, stiff, clumsy, senseless, eyeless, unmanned and ever so many other epithetical nuisances. So pass your glory in this flattering, lying world.

Politics, prose, poetry, "The English Review" politics, and Mr. Sickert with more liveliness in a sentence than all the rest put together, writes on mural decoration. At least he mentions mural decoration, but what he is really concerned about is the aesthetic mania. There are egoists in the painting as well as in the literary world, their equipment being "absence of real vocation combined with pretentiousness of claim." We
implore Mr. Sickert to send us a card for the day when he means to bow his own duffers out.

Rhythm. (Stephen Swift.)

Our new necropolis. All the world’s wife is fearfully angry with us for going her into buying last month’s “Rhythm.” She expected to find it as amusing as our review of it! No, this magazine is not amusing, it is very squallid, and we take humour and as a necessary spiritual camphor. Mr. J. M. Murrel prematurely rescues “Rhythm” from “oblivion by this alone, that it told the truth about Mr. Frank Harris,” By Jove, if it did! What it does impart is that Mr. Murry has hung on his words for hours together, breathlessly still, bearing a master speak of his peers. For Frank Harris is one of those great spirits whom I can but accept wholly. Mr. Harris himself is a man of some vitality and opinion. We sat near him at the boresome Oscar Wilde dinner, and were only saved from death at one moment by seeing him knock over the table, jump on it, turn a somersault, and having thus broken the spell of Miss Gertrude Kingston’s eloquence, put it to her in a friendly way whether she was not worn out. Mr. W. W. Gibson on shirts, baby shirts, wedding shirts and shreuds, slam drama and sop, man the woman was making the shirt for and slop, man the woman was making the shirt for done some good work, for his “intolerable, tame, and passionate admiration,” he says. Mr. Harris is a witty man.

Mr. Murry, with the aid of Miss K. Mansfield, that other wit who will presently be turning the table over and jumping on it, writes beneath a fascinating sketch of some fish in black tights and some orang-outangs with nothing on but a stink, of “Seriousness in Art.” We like the “refined home with a baby in a white perambulator and a plate-chest” touch. But why did Miss Mansfield not do the whole article? Mr. Murry’s cliques would be well missed. Mr. J. Stephens sings lyrically:

I was playing with my hoop along the road,
Just where the bushes are, when suddenly
I heard a short... Said she: ‘Where is the child?’ ran back quick
Thy way she came...

“The Midwife.” “Two streets away was a woman in travail.” And here she is on the next page, a great faced naked creature with a bare-hip and apparently to be relieved, in the fashion of Gargantu’s mother, through the ear. That thing which is like a whole caricature of a ledger-clerk is her fist. An article on the of humour,” attacks Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, who has done some good work, for his “intolerable, tame, and mediocre music,” and advises the bodily and wealthy patron of Mr. Holbrooke to chuck him, and work alone. There is possibly room for Lord Howard de Walden on “Rhythm.” The noble lord’s effusions passionately move Mr. Murry’s guileless soul, and we shall look with intense interest for future materialisations, as the American says of the four-lung is gone, but you may have a bench six feet long if that is any use.

Pastiche. [The verses entitled “A Slice of Life” in our issue of June 27 should have been attributed to Mr. J. Bodker.—Ed., N.A.]

A BALLAD.

I.
There was a brave and gallant ship.
The biggest ever built;
To make her worthy of her size
Great sums of gold were spilt.

II.
No ship before her ever had
Been made so fine as she:
Honourers might have christened her
“The Golden Vanity.”

III.
She carried all a man could want
To please his lightest whim
And pass his day—except a way
To save his days to him.

IV.
Now bright the more that she did sail
Poor and hungry maiden trip;
She never saw the land alone:
She sank, a virgin ship.

V.
Far out upon the sea alone
She foundered in the night:
And she, not five days out from port,
That had set sail so bright.

VI.
Oh, many, many fathom deep
She lies beneath the sea:
The greatest ship the world has seen—
“The Golden Vanity.”

NORMAN Fitzeroy WERe.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

By C. E. Bechbother

XII.—T.P.’S WEEKLY

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE GRAND DUKE.

—BY T. P.

§ I—IV.

I met him and his presiding goddess, the Princess Lala,
on the day I smoked my first cigar. I was then twelve years old and the intimate friend of... I also... I myself, I may add... What a revelation of my character! When poverty and hunger were starting both to cry down the chimney, grimly defiant, I now and then... I pass rapidly... one of the most... two of the most... three of the most... and this brings me... And there, I think, I must leave these episodes and just glance at Mr. Boodle’s book.

§ V.

Prince Boris, I may say, honoured me.

§ VI.

Last Tuesday I saw his son in a pub... Such is the workings of Fate.

* “Boris von Metamoriz.” By Henry Boodle. (—, 154.)

T.P. IN HIS ANECDOTE.

WHERE: IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

“I was reminded of the proverb which commences: ‘A little knowledge,’ by a story...” [May 31—]

II. PENSEROso.

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred!
How little ye bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!

KEATS.

BOOKS TO-DYE AND BOOKS TO-MORROW.

[The enthusiastic unanimity of these reviews must not be tarnished by reproduction.]

AT NUMBER 1, GRUB STREET.

A Weekly Commentary on Life and Letters.

BY BERNARD LINTOT [rf]

I am put in mind of my old-time acquaintance with Mr. Jacob Tonson by a perusal of Mr. B. C.”s edition of the third volume of Swift’s “Miscellanies,” wherein I arouse considerable interest by pleading, Z—... publish’d Advertisement upon Advertisement; and if the Book be not read it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE INDUSTRIAL UNREST.

Sir,—I am much flattered by the amount of editorial space devoted to receiving letters. Broadly, your reply to my request for further details of your scheme of “partnership between the trade unions and the State” comes to this:—

1. I am incapable of appreciating a theory differing from my own.

2. My senses are blunted by the revolutionary storm which is now sweeping over England under the auspices of THE NEW AGE.

3. I have no appreciation of ideas as ideas.

4. If I had succeeded in really raising wages by a substantial percentage, I should have been pleased—and the heavier would be the super-tax I should levy in my next Budget on “uneared” income.

The difference between us appears to be this: If I were at the head of that Socialist majority and had to face, let us say, the problem of the agricultural labourer, I should introduce a measure providing (inter alia) for a minimum wage of, say, £15, a week. It is conceivable that this increase of wages by from 20 to 100 per cent. would not reduce profits, but, in the long run, by leading to better organisation, would increase them. In even greater measure, I would, I imagine, in this case condemn the whole proceeding as a worthless piece of “social reform.” But if, on the other hand, it turned out that landowners were too incompetent or too lazy to improve the organisation of their industry, so that profits in agriculture were permanently reduced relatively to wages, you might at least have the satisfaction of seeing the view of the matter be exactly the reverse. Assuming that I had succeeded in really raising wages by a substantial amount, the most rapid increases were introduced long before. I shall not be pleased—and the heavier would be the super-tax I should levy in my next Budget on “uneared” income.

Mr. Sharp does both himself and THE NEW AGE an injustice by his unnecessary and inconsistent letter. Our reply, “broadly,” to his first communication was not confined to the four points mentioned, nor was more than one reason for being unwilling, as well as unable, at this moment to attempt to forecast the “details” of the future of Guild-Industry. Apply, we said, to Italy, where it is more than likely that landowners would be obliged to take other steps to remedy all kinds of economic oppression. Amongst those other steps would doubtless be a proposal to increase the amount of Old Age Pensions and to lower the age limit—but neither this nor any of the other inevitable “social reforms” could be relied upon to “increase wages relatively to profits.”

CLIFFORD D. SHARP.

[Mr. Sharp does both himself and THE NEW AGE an injustice by his unnecessary and inconsistent letter. Our reply, “broadly,” to his first communication was not confined to the four points mentioned, nor was more than one reason for being unwilling, as well as unable, at this moment to attempt to forecast the “details” of the future of Guild-Industry. Apply, we said, to Italy, where it is more than likely that landowners would be obliged to take other steps to remedy all kinds of economic oppression. Amongst those other steps would doubtless be a proposal to increase the amount of Old Age Pensions and to lower the age limit—but neither this nor any of the other inevitable “social reforms” could be relied upon to “increase wages relatively to profits.”]
satisfied we shall not achieve Socialism. If for no other reason than to enable us to distinguish between the Reform and Socialism, our test, then, is admittedly not valueless.—Ed., N.A.) * * *

THE CRITIC CRITICISED.

Sir,—You have already answered Mr. Clifford Sharp on the essential points upon which he touched. You are on firm ground in principle, and it is not surprising that the subject which you treat of in your last letter is the subject which I should raise under some conditions. Mr. Sharp tells us that he is keenly in favour of Guild-Socialism, but it would strengthen my belief in his fervour if he would show that he understood it a little more accurately.

For example, he cites the railways and proceeds to convince your readers that he is still in the stage of conventional State Socialism. Let me quote him: "Taking, for example, the case of the railways, does it mean that the A.S.R. is to take the whole control of the railway service, and for the carrying out of the orders of the State in whom the ownership rests?" Let us stop there for a moment. I do not, of course, question your accuracy, but I imagine the first point to be noted is that Mr. Sharp generalises trade unions, when he ought to be thinking of a guild. The two are, surely, wide enough apart for Mr. Sharp to distinguish. No Guild-Socialist would dream of posing such an impossible situation. The guild would include every grade of worker engaged in transportation. The manager would be a member of it as also the wheel-greaser. If the guild does not undertake to take the whole control of the railway service, including the times and arrangements of the trains, pray who will? And if the guild cannot do it better than it is done to-day, and as regards itself, then the vital importance of the separate guilds. Let us stop there for a moment. I do not, of course, question your accuracy, but I imagine the first point to be noted is that Mr. Sharp generalises trade unions, when he ought to be thinking of a guild. The two are, surely, wide enough apart for Mr. Sharp to distinguish.

Both are, surely, wide enough apart for Mr. Sharp to distinguish.

Strangely enough, Mr. Sharp is appalled at such a prospect. Let me take up the quotation: "If you mean that the workers are to settle what they will make or do and what prices they will charge to the public, and to divide amongst themselves any "profit" which may accrue, then most of us will most strongly disagree with you on the ground that you are proposing to reinstate the principle of 'production for profit' in the most vicious of all its conceivable forms—i.e., that it is perfectly entrenched monopoly." Again let us note that Mr. Sharp is keenly in favour of Guild-Socialism—but he seems incapable of realising that Guild-Socialism is a chimera if the wage system persists. That Mr. Sharp does not grasp the idea is evidenced by a passage which gives so little and takes so much, or is it the fear of losing business that makes him so unable to face the facts? He seems to think that it is "impossible to make the railways free, how could they do it? Not under Guild-Socialism, but how?" For that he does not grasp the idea is evidenced by a question which is meant to settle your editorial hash:

Query: Suppose the community wishes to make the use of railways as free as the use of roads, where will be the reason that to work out those principles demands, as you rightly remark, practice rather than dialectics. Firm ground in sticking to principles, for the sufficient ground in sticking to principles, for the sufficient

WORKING THE INSURANCE ACT.

Sir,—I apologise for not answering "A Socialist Insur­ance Agent" before this. I am busy working the "Act." I agree with him that we agents are forced to advocate this State Insurance and to get members for our respective approved societies, otherwise we should have to go.

I see some look upon it with detestation, but in their detestation the outcome of righteous anger at such an Act which gives so little and takes so much, or is it the fear of losing business? What does it mean? It means, I suppose, that the guilds are to be an exceptionally good instance proving the wisdom of THE NEW AGE in steadily hammering away at the true social and spiritual meaning of the words "gospel" and "socialism" upon the much more joyful course of propounding your constructive proposals. Mr. Sharp has not "thought out" his position. He has "lost his way," and in consequence "he hits out blindly in all directions."

Pray, sir, let Mr. Sharp be a sharp reminder to you not to relax your efforts in exposing the economic and spiritual absurdities of the wage system. Mr. Sharp charges you with having lost your way. Had he not better inspect his own path? Does he seriously suppose that the power of diabolical can be dispensed with the wage system? He exhorts you "to think out" your position. I venture to exhort him to think out his.

I have entered rather fully into Mr. Sharp's concrete suggestions for two reasons: because I gather that he is a man of action and above all because I have read with detestation the outcome of righteous anger at such an Act which gives so little and takes so much, or is it the fear of losing business? What does it mean? It means, I suppose, that the guilds are to be an exceptionally good instance proving the wisdom of THE NEW AGE in steadily hammering away at the true social and spiritual meaning of the words "gospel" and "socialism" upon the much more joyful course of propounding your constructive proposals. Mr. Sharp has not "thought out" his position. He has "lost his way," and in consequence "he hits out blindly in all directions."
truncheon when in close touch with your head. So one
cant always sympathize with any who are of their
being wage-slaves. They enter into the bosom of their
masters with such alacrity that they become part and parcel
of them, identifying their interests with their masters' in-
terests all the time. The dozen or so very conscientious and
but they are not really successful men. Why? Because
they cannot practise the humility in which the business
does much more go on. They recognize the fact that the
the pawns used to win the game for the companies.
I have no alternative to offer to the present agency staffs.
I recognize as a very useful, and, like the whole
commercial system, waste seems necessary to keep things
going as they are. * * * ONE WHO KNOWS.

THE CRITERIA OF SOCIAL REFORM.
Sir,—In your editorial reply to Mr. Sharp you define the
test of good social reform as the increase of Wages relatively
to Rent, Interest, and Profit. That, no doubt, is a good test
to give the test of good social reform as the increase of Wages relatively
to Rent, Interest, and Profit. That, no doubt, is a good test
given time enough for its experience; but a year or two
is probably too brief for the trial. May I suggest another
test,—namely, by the acquisition of property. I supported Mr.
Lloyd George's Budget on the same grounds as THE
NEW AGE. From Mr. George's promises I concluded that, having
it—namely, by the acquisition of property. I supported Mr.
Lloyd George's Budget on the same grounds as THE
NEW AGE. From Mr. George's promises I concluded that, having

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.
Sir,—It is somewhat disconcerting to find Mr. S. Verdad
among the non-readers of THE NEW AGE. You have so
repeatedly and so lucidly demonstrated that democracy is government by the wage-earners, classes that there is
no excuse for any of your readers (still less for any of your
writers) to understand the word in a different sense. Yet in declaring that Germany is superior to England, and the France of 1870 to the France of fifty years ago, because in each of those countries democracy has been supplanted by
bureaucracy, it is immediately evident that the fact that the State purchase were to proceed concurrently with State
purchase, would not one test of social reform be fulfilled?
The effect of a tax or a tariff or a re-arrangement of duties on trade is not immediately evident; but something
like the Kaiser and his friends who choose Ministers and
direct policy, while in England it is Mr. Asquith, that
accounts for the difference? But in that case the com-
parison is between the Kaiser and Mr. Asquith—not between
a bureaucracy, which is worst, and a democracy—which is good social reform; whatever does not be bad.
FRANK RINGWOOD.

ANOTHER POLICE RIOT.
Sir,—Last Sunday afternoon at the dockers' meeting in
Hyde Park I witnessed the following scene, which took
place some time before the policeman arrived. The dockers
marched into the park in an orderly procession, and the first-comers got on a cart to address the enthusiastic and orderly crowd. Suddenly an inspector
and two or three mounted policemen rode up shouting, and
charged the crowd round the cart several times. This
absolutely unprompted assault was immediately followed by an order to the
orderly crowd and to arrest a certain man. The confusion this caused was increased by the arrival of another inspector, scarlet with rage, and some mounted policewomen. These dashed round and round into the crowd, and the inspector attempted to pull the cart-horse away. The crowd at last becoming angry,
the inspectors consulted, one laughing, one swearing, and
rode away. The crowd at once became as orderly as before. The
had no numbers, but the numbers of five of the constables were
Sir,—As far as I can discover, the first effect of your
publication of my notes has been to reduce their numbers.

Sir,—I have no alternative to offer to the present agency staffs.
I recognize as a very useful, and, like the whole
commercial system, waste seems necessary to keep things
going as they are. * * *

THE NEW AGE AND THE PRESS.
Sir,—As far as I can discover, the first effect of your
publication of my notes has been to reduce their numbers.

Sir,—As far as I can discover, the first effect of your
publication of my notes has been to reduce their numbers.
To explain what I mean, the contemporary critic does not and never has existed. He is an animal who distributes his vituperation and praise in the most lavish fashion. His real value is as an educator; but creators have nothing to do with him whatever. That any serious journals should waste their space upon the attacks of such a person is unaccountable. The critics and the people must first of all discover by their own intelligence that the so-called art for a great time has been played upon them. The same view is elaborated elsewhere in their pages. It is true that, in the extract quoted, Mrs. Webb speaks of a "marriage" between the trade unions and co-operation (defined as "the union of the Sick and the Rich") whilst the phrase employed of late in *The New Age* mentions a "partnership;" but this difference enough to justify a claim that the Webbs should publicly acknowledge their indebtedness to *The New Age* and the idea that the unions as such should take part in the management of industry.

MONEY.

Sir,—Mr. Kitson and I differ. I say that gold sovereigns of full weight are not to be had. With the exception of himself, the "Banking and Currency Reform League" (to wit, Mr. Meulen) agrees with me. Mr. Kitson says that our difference of opinion is to be ascribed, if not to Superstition, then to its twin-brother, Ignorance. Herein we agree. He should not cite the writer of the article on Money in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, knowing, as he does, that the article is written by a member of the Great Mutual Admiration Society with whom he in no way agrees. It is not fair of the devil to quote Scripture. Again, he says: He adds: "The trend of the thing worthy of serious discussion. Let us have as much culture as possible; let us be reasonable; but we must understand that culture is the excrescence of the man, and without which there is no possibility of his becoming a person—*as I demur to the statement that the Orientals used art to express thoughts as distinct from natural appearances; I think their efforts were merely naïve attempts to represent such appearances, and that their aims differed little from those of the Europeans, the differences being merely a difference of skill and a different stage in the art of seeing.* I also demur to the statement that even realists "copy" Nature. We copy Nature to some extent, of course, because it is the raw material with which we build our buildings be expressive of the times without the necessity to create a form—a form which means our times, our customs, our very existence. Where is it in England to-day? No! It is an intelligent emotion expressing the highest being of man—the necessity to prove his existence—a real worship and glory. Man cannot exist without Art. Man has shown it in so many ways. In recent years art, the highest of all, has been thrown from her everlasting pinnacle. It is not a question of all existing, but a question of all existing. As long as we believe in so doing we could do no more. Believe me, the people would soon follow where they found creation. Why quarrel and lose valuable time? Away with it! This is as good an age as any, but in art we are at a disadvantage. This is the very basis of the question. Why do we not use our own brain as well as the brains of those who are our contemporaries? It seduces himself with the applause which is always waiting for him. English people (and I speak as an Englishman), when they think they have the material, shoot straight into fantasy. Could anything be more deplorable or less constructive?

Let us leave the Academy and all such pure educators alone. It is mostly journalism, and I am willing they should exist. The House of Commons has its debates, but, damn it, I cannot waste my time over such a subject as distortion is lamentable. The critics and the people must first of all discover this. Coming to the dream faculties per se...
measure of time and space; we flit from place to place with a velocity and rapidity which can be vividly realised in fractions of seconds. This hints at those super-normal powers we all possess as actual parts of the Great Unseen. Materialism and the mundane plane. If I might venture a guess as to what takes place, I should say that the higher and swifter Jackson Davis, the father of Modern Spiritualism, when a mere uneducated boy, dictated in hypnotic trance the most wonderful history and philosophy of Existence that ever got on record. The latent faculties and powers are capable of in the way of direct expression we mena prove that we are in touch, in wireless communication through the mind. Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis, the modern seer, was evidently in the borderland, in which his spiritual vision was partially open.

Among the literary marvels of the nineteenth century is the literary marvel of the nineteenth century,"* the Father," which is the greatest modern drama in Swedish literature. The translation of an article by Stead's case; or in weird automatic drawings. Blake, who did not rise to true spirituality, was evidently in the borderland, in which his spiritual vision was partially open.

Thus, summing up: Strindberg was first and foremost a great dramatist—twist, fight against hypocrisy and misdirected emancipation in his social satires, as well as in his novels, has largely attributed one bit of more than temporary influence. But with Strindberg, Sweden in one stroke gets a rich dramatic literature. In these columns, Mr. Ashley Dukes has already given a very able exposition of the dramatic authorship of Strindberg, so I need not enlarge upon his qualities and merits as a playwright. Let me only say that the extremely concentrated and vivid form of the play seemed to be the most convincing, and other events of recent years, but completely omits his great importance as a poet and dramatist. His life and career is certainly unusual and interesting enough, and I can well understand that it may seem quite extraordinary and shocking in its wild irregularity to the ordinary, respectable, and unaffectedly curious of his freakish and extravagant life. Of course, we are not taught to fight against what he considered wrong. And he lived and died a poor man.

Strindberg and Sweden.

Sir.—The translation of an article by M. de Cousranges in the "Journal des Debats" on Strindberg calls for some comment from Swedish quarters, all the more as this name is as likely to be heard in Stockholm, July 9, 1912.

STRINDBERG AND SWEDEN.

The, Father,"

As the title suggests, this is an attempt to understand Strindberg's work and its significance in the context of Swedish society and culture. The article discusses Strindberg's life and work, particularly his dramatic output, and the impact it had on Swedish society. The author expresses his admiration for Strindberg's talent and the contributions he made to literature and drama. The article also touches on the historical and cultural context in which Strindberg lived and worked. Overall, the article provides an in-depth analysis of Strindberg's work and its significance in the history of Swedish literature.
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